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SEVENTH YEAR.

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1896.

NO. 6.

ST. BERNARD COAL COMPANY,

(INCORPORATED.)

Miners and Shippers of **COAL AND COKE.**

General Office, Earlington, Ky.

Branch Offices.

A. M. CARROLL, Manager,
337 Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

S. H. NEWBOLD, Manager,
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R. G. ROUSE, Manager,
Palmer House, Broadway, Paducah, Ky.

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Wholesale Agents, HESSER & WICKHAM, Houser Building, St. Louis, Mo. J. W. BRIDGMAN, 603 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill.

Keep a Sharp Lookout for Fresh Items of Interest to the Retail **COAL** and **COKE** TRADE, which will appear from time to time, permanently occupying this space.

PITHY PARAGRAPHS.

The recent weather is a killer to coal trade, that betwixt and between variety that is neither hot nor cold. The predictions of Prof. Hicks have been set at naught, and the professor's reputation ruined, and all attempts of Uncle Sam's department of winds and rain to blow a cold blast have seemed but child's play. Well, sometime we will get it.

During the past year a process of washing the coal used in making coke and removing most of the dirt has been adopted in Colorado, resulting in a greatly improved quality of coke. Exchange.

This most probably refers to the Campbell Washers which were last year introduced in Colorado. The same washer as used for some years by the St. Bernard Coal Co., at their coke works.

AN IDYL FROM TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Jim Arterbridge, who is now in the city prison, was making more money at the coal business than any man in Topeka, and the police are investigating his brief business career as a coal dealer.

The Santa Fe R.R. was the first to suffer from Arterbridge's crooked work. Officers of the road discovered that two tons of coal had been stolen from one of their cars. Smaller quantities had been stolen from other cars.

It seems that Arterbridge would sell coal 10 parties at reduced rates, and then deliberately tell them to go to one of the cars and get the coal.

The man was found who had bought two tons of coal and had received good weight. Arterbridge had helped him load his wagon.

When Arterbridge was arrested he admitted that the coal had been taken, but said that he could not be held responsible.

"I told them where to go and get the coal, and they went after it. If I should tell you to go rob a store and you did so, could I be held responsible?" was the way he argued.

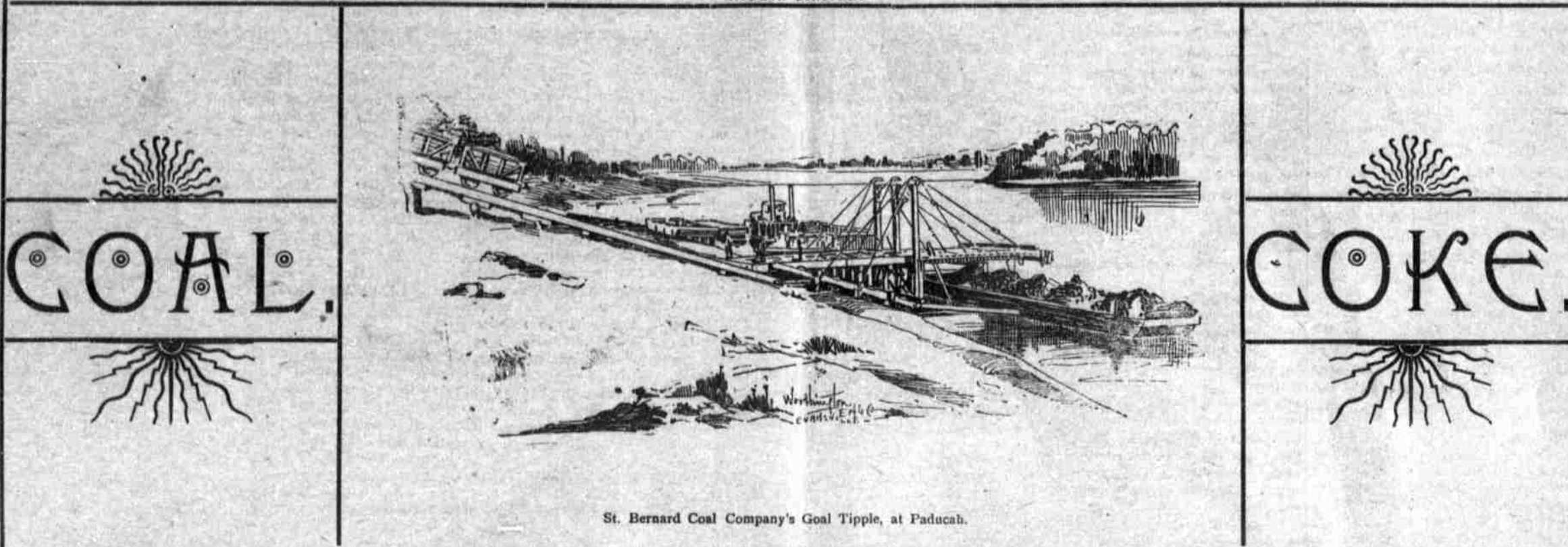
Some of the parties who bought coal from Arterbridge said they had gone after it themselves, but believed that Arterbridge had bought the coal by the car load to sell. They did not know they were taking coal that belonged to the Santa Fe.

Arterbridge would not admit that he had collected money for all his sales.

It is not known how much Santa Fe coal he sold in this manner, but it is believed to be quite an amount.—Coal Trade Journal.

St. Bernard Coal Company.

(INCORPORATED.)



St. Bernard Coal Company's Coal Tipple, at Paducah.

Famous No. 9 Coal, for all uses, from Earlington, Diamond and St. Charles Mines. Only Vibrating Screens and Picking Tables used. **THE BEST SELECTED COAL IN THE MARKET.**

CRUSHED COKE FOR BASE BURNERS AND FURNACES.

Why buy High-priced Anthracite Coal, when you can get St. BERNARD CRUSHED COKE for a much less price? One ton of the Crushed Coke will do the same work as one ton of the best Anthracite Coal.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND SAVE MONEY

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

Connellsville coke producers are said to be very firm in their adherence to circular prices.

The first carload of coal has been shipped from the mines of the New Haven Coal Co., near Haverhill, Ky.

There is a report of purchase by a New York syndicate of 2,000 acres of land in Morgan county, Ky., said to contain canal coal, all of which is well timbered.

Miss Frances Huls, who has been appointed an official weigher of coal in Cincinnati, is the first woman to secure such an office in that city.

There is said to be a remarkable exodus of coal workers from the Connellsville region at present, hundreds of Huns and Slavs leaving for other fields.

The abandoned coal mine on Black Horse hill, near Allegheny, Pa., is burning and flames are now coming out of the entrance. Dense clouds of smoke and flame coming out of the mine make an impressive spectacle, which attracts thousands of sight-seers.

A pair of Pennsylvania gumps claim to have a process by which they can manufacture an artificial fuel from earth or dirt with other slight composition. Wonder who is ready to be ham-bagged with this scheme.

Wm. Cullen Bryant once, in his young days, wrote a poem of fifteen verses entitled "A Meditation on Rhode Island Coal," of which he never thought enough to introduce into any save his earliest editions.

One day last week a passenger train on a branch of the Lehigh Valley Road had a narrow escape from falling into a mine near Hazleton. The earth sank beneath the tracks, and although the train passed the place in time the disturbance of the roadbed caused the locomotive to fall on its side, killing the engineer.

HAWAII, "THE PEARL OF THE PACIFIC."

The Fourth of a Series of Letters by John R. Musick.

Author of the Columbian Historical Novels, "Brother Against Brother," etc., etc.

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The Pali, a Picturesque Pass over the Mountains, and a Bit of History.

One of the noted spots on the Islands of Oahu is the Pali. Every tourist to the island visits this historic and picturesque place. The Pali, or pass, which is the only road by which travelers can cross the island, passes over the brink of a precipice one thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this narrow path, not wide enough for two wagons to pass, one can see the ocean on both sides of the island. The view is perhaps unequalled from any other point in the world. From Honolulu there is a broad well-beaten road leading up to the Pali. Tourists go up in carriages or on horseback. I decided to make the journey on horseback, and so, mounted on a tough little mountain pony and accompanied by a young school-teacher as guide, on November 25, 1895, I left Queen Street, and cantered through the town, Monka, on toward the mountains.

It was a delightful morning. A gentle breeze was blowing, the my guide assured me it would be hot enough before we returned.

"Leave your vest at home," he advised, "A coat and trousers will be all you want."

"Is it so hot on the mountains?" I asked.

"No, but we will get it coming down. The wind in the pass, however, sometimes blows so hard that you can hardly keep your hat on your head, or hair either, for that matter."

Our ponies were light summer ulsters such as are worn in July and August. While cantering down the street we sometimes glanced into the open doors. The houses usually have a deserted appearance as the inmates prefer the cool lanai to the parlor. But, as we passed one house, we saw a lady at the telephone gossiping with a friend.

guide explained. "Perhaps there is no place in the world where the telephone is used so much as it is here. Why the women will ask 'Central' the time of day rather than look at the clock in the next room. They often ask 'Central' if it is raining instead of looking out to see. 'Central' is the most over-worked person on the island."

The telephone system on Oahu is perhaps the most complete in the world. Every part of the island is reached by telephone, and up every rugged mountain path the wires are stretched.

It is a long ride through the suburbs of the city, dotted with pretty little homes, adorned as only tropical homes are. Bright eyes and cheery faces met us on every side. Some people were busy in their gardens or lawns, but most of the places seemed to have been temporarily deserted. Honolulu, like all cities of the tropics, has a general air of listless repose. The most industrious people seem to be the Chinese. At all hours of the day and even late into night these little people may be seen carrying loads large enough to make a mule stagger. Really, the Chinaman is the most cosmopolitan person one meets with except Americans. He wears all sorts of costumes from his native Oriental garb to the white ducking of a tropical dude. He sells shoes, makes shoes and clothes, works in every sort of factory, stands in every sort of store, is on every plantation, is every kind of servant, does every kind of business, walks, rows, boats, rides in carriages, carts, on mules, and bicycles, in fact he is met everywhere, and under all conditions and circumstances.

Passing fine apple ranches, tara patches, and banana fields, we at last struck the main road. "From here we go up hill every foot," my guide explained, as he drew in his horse, panting from the recent gallop.

On our right just on a rising elevation was a veritable palace. An avenue of palms led from the main road back up to one of the neat little cottages some distance in the dense tropical foliage. After extending a long distance mountain-walk, it again came into view and extended down to the main road. This avenue of palms gave drive, enough for a broad carriage fewer and of a meaner sort inhabited by Kanakas. "These are mostly guides," said my guide. "Over on our right, if it were

"Do many of them still live in grass houses?"

"Not many. Some, however, prefer grass houses yet to houses of wood."

"Why?"

"Because they say mosquitoes won't bother one in a grass house."

"I would be willing to live in any sort of a house to be free of the Hawaiian mosquitoes," I answered.

"Of all the pests I ever met with they are the worst."

"There are no native Hawaiian mosquitoes," he answered.

"Do you mean to say that the mosquito is not indigenous to the soil?"

"They are not."

"Then how did they get here?"

"They were imported."

"Imported? Why the government ought to have had a protective tariff as high as the skies against such importations."

"Well, you may think this a fish story, but it's true. Mosquitoes were imported. Whaling vessels in coming to the islands brought water from mosquito countries for drinking purposes, and a family of the most active mosquitoes made their escape to the islands."

This story of the importation of mosquitoes I subsequently verified. There have been many obnoxious insects and animals imported to the islands, among the mongoose, imported to catch the rats, which not only attacked rats, but has made a way of extermination to the chickens, ducks, and all fowls. Toads are being imported to destroy obnoxious bugs, and the national entomologist is studying all injurious insects and the methods by which they may be destroyed.

When we had ascended the road about two miles, we drew rein on a level spot, and looked back to catch a view of the city and bay. Honolulu lay among the trees like a pearl in an oyster shell, and the streets seemed mere threads in the distance, while the bay looked like a crystal mirror with the ships lying quietly at anchor. The beauty of the situation from this elevation is worth going twice the distance to see.

level plain, we met some odd and interesting people. A long caravan of pack-mules was seen coming down the road from the mountain. They were loaded with bags of rice. It is astonishing the amount of rice these hardy little creatures will carry up steep mountain-sides, or along a shelving rock, where a single false step would precipitate them to the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below. These caravans of pack-mules were under the control of two Chinamen, one before and one behind. The caravans usually contained eight or twelve pack-mules, all tied together; the Chinaman in front leading the first mule, and a Chinaman in the rear lashing the laggards.

Flowers bloomed in wild profusion along the way; nature has done for this mountain road what the most skillful gardener might envy. Just below the reservoir we came upon some native women washing. Their method was peculiar; the water was in a stone basin, and they were kneeling with their bare knees on the stony earth, dipping the clothing into the water and rubbing it on a stone.

The reservoir which supplies Honolulu with water is fed from the mountain streams of which there are many. A large body is placed up near the reservoir, on which is the order of the Minister of the Interior, in both English and Hawaiian, warning people to neither fish, wash, nor bathe in the waters above that point.

Crossing the bridge over the reservoir from a short distance, we found the ascent less steep. Wild guava trees grow in abundance along the road, some having ripe fruit on them which we ate and found delicious. The famous guava jellies are made of this fruit.

One of the most picturesque and novel sights on the road was a Chinaman moving. He had his shoulder pole on his shoulder, on one end of which was his valise, together with his household and kitchen furniture. On the other end was his live-stock, consisting of chickens in a large gunny-sack, holes being cut in the bag for the chickens to put their heads through. This little fellow had come over the Pali and was going to Honolulu, carrying all his earthly possessions on that pole.

"It is nothing for them to carry two hundred pounds twelve or fifteen miles," said my guide. "They are tougher than mules."

We crossed some of the plain made famous by the great battle

the half-way house to get a drink of water and allow our horses drink and rest.

Half a mile or more beyond we met a Japanese family of wanderers. The father of the family was carrying a pole on his shoulder with the household goods on each end, and the mother who had taken off those silly, short wooden sandals and was going barefoot, had a baby lashed to her back, and two or three were walking. At the sight of us the mother's womanly pride asserted itself and she stopped and put on her ridiculously small sandals, and came on limping like a cripple.

During the entire journey we did not meet a single white person. Wandering Chinese and Japanese without any home, or going to the markets were the only persons, save the natives, living along the road side.

At last the Pali was reached. The path winds along the pass between two mountains through which the wind sweeps down with such terrific force as to sometimes almost take one from his feet. The view from the Pali is sublime. On one side may be seen the sea, with Honolulu looking like a speck in the distance; on the other are the plantations and houses looking also like mere specks in the dim distance with the dark blue sea for a background. Gigantic, grim, and silent as the sphinx, stands the frowning cliffs on the right, and on the left a sharp cone-like ridge extends so far away that it is lost in the distance, while the only possible place of crossing the island is at the Pali.

One cannot but admire the military genius of Kamehameha in securing this pass. It was the Thaumopyla of Kalanikupule, the last Oahuian chief. Here was fought the great battle which made Kamehameha, the Hawaiian Napoleon, master of all the islands.

Before the battle, Kamehameha, with a fleet of war canoes and one schooner and some artillery, appeared off Oahu and landed at Waiala Bay, and after a few days spent in arranging his men, he marched at Nuanu Valley, where Kalanikupule had posted his forces.

Kamehameha had a good general in an American named John Young, whose descendants may still be found on the islands. There were several Americans in his army, and their skill with artillery gained Kamehameha his victories. He encountered the

was killed by a cannon ball, when they gave way. They were closely pursued up the valley, some escaping up the ridges on either side, while others were hemmed in and driven over the Nuuanu Pali, or precipice north of the road, and dashed to death on the rocks. Their bones may still be found among the bare jungles or algeroba forests one thousand feet below. Kalanikupule wandered for several months in the Koolau Mountains until he was finally captured in a cave above Waipio, brought down and offered in sacrifice to the conquerors' war god at Moanahua.

The Pali looks like the gate between two fairy lands. It is a pass that could be made impregnable. A few hundred men could hold an army of thousands at bay. On the east side opposite Honolulu the descent is very steep and rocky.

The road is traversed almost continually by the energetic Chinamen, the wandering Japs, and the tourists who are loud in their praise of its beauty and grandeur.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

THE RICHES OF VENEZUELA.

The last number of the South American Magazine, published in London, contains a glowing account of the riches of the disputed territory on the borders of Venezuela and British Guiana. It states that but for the recent extraordinary action of the President of the United States the immense value of the colony would have remained comparatively unknown to the world, notwithstanding it contains some of the richest and most easily worked gold. The country would probably prove to be the richest gold-producing country ever discovered. In 1884 a few Indians and negroes went into the interior and brought down 250 ounces of gold. In 1889—go the richest gold-producing country were 32,332 ounces, and in 1894, 95 they amounted to 134,047 ounces, making a total production of raw gold in a little over ten years of upwards of £3,000,000. Up to the present time alluvial gold had been the only gold produced in the colony, but now they were preparing to attack the reefs, and machinery for that purpose was being rapidly shipped. The property of the British Guiana development syndicate was served by a government fleet of steamers, a waterway existing between their own port and Georgetown. Their property had produced some of the richest deposits of gold

SHUN BOLTED FLOUR.

Dr. John Ellis Tells Why Americans Lose Their Teeth at an Early Age.

Though Over Eighty Years Old, He has More than Half his Teeth and a Boy's Appetite.

(From the New York Recorder.)

Many of our children are half starved, and some of them starved to death.

"Starved! Why, she eats enough!" exclaimed an astonished mother, when I told her that her young daughter was starving to death. There she lay helpless upon the bed, not able to turn herself, and with some symptoms of scurvy, but in good flesh. I quietly asked the mother what she ate. She replied: "She eats toast made from the very best superfine white flour. If she eats anything else she throws it up." I directed her mother to mix mashed potatoes with the flour from which she made her bread. She did so, and the child recovered rapidly.

Careful experiments made by Magendie and others have demonstrated that animals can only live for a few weeks if fed only on superfine white flour, whereas, they can live and thrive on unbolted flour or meal without any trouble. The Lord intended the grain as a whole for human food, and he manifestly knew what he was doing when He created our cereals. The food required to nourish the teeth, bones, muscles, stomach, to enable it to properly digest our food, and the brain, is found in excess in the dark portion of the kernel which lies immediately beneath the hull, and the miller, in bolting, separates this portion as far as he can, and most of it is fed to cattle, horses, hogs, etc., and they have good teeth, muscles, stomachs and bones when thus fed.

The white portion of the kernel from which white flour is made contains an excess of starch, principally a heat and fat producing material when taken as food, so that the whiter the flour the poorer it is. One simple fact ought to satisfy every intelligent man and woman that superfine white flour is not fit for human use, and that starvation must inevitably follow to a greater or less extent in its use as food, viz., there is very little difficulty in keeping superfine white flour free from insects, must

insect, must, etc. Do we want to feed our children upon a flour which will not sustain for any considerable length of time animal, and even vegetable life?

Dyspepsia is more prevalent in our country than, I think I can say, in any other. Superfine flour does not contain the nourishment required by the stomach to enable it to digest the food. The prevalence of dyspepsia in our country and in England has led a number of medical writers in England and in this country of late to condemn the use of all cereals—wheat, oats, etc.—as food, claiming that the starch overtaxes the stomach, and that we should use as food nothing but nuts and fruits, and if we find them not sufficient we should use a little animal food, they think. But if we use the dark coarse portion of the grain as we do as the white, the stomach will be nourished, and the whole grain will be digested, and it will not cause dyspepsia.

In cases of irritable or weak stomachs from the use of superfine flour, it will be well to sift out the coarsest of the bran for a time, until the stomach gains strength. Cases of dyspepsia have been cured by simply bolting the wheat for a few hours and then eating it, chewing it carefully. Banish superfine flour, and bread and cakes made from it from our land, or from use in our households, and there would be a wonderful change for the better in the development of the young not only as to their teeth, but also as to all the structures of the body.

Having constantly in view the development and health of our race, I have traveled over our own country from the East to Alaska and California in the West, and Florida in the South, over most of the countries of Europe, Egypt and Western Asia, and I can say, as a result of my observation, that wherever the people eat, instead of superfine flour, the meal or flour of the whole grain, be it wheat, oats or barley, they have good teeth, and are well developed, and are rarely troubled with dyspepsia. For more than forty years I have carefully avoided the use of fine flour, stimulants, narcotics, condiments, excepting salt, and although my birthday passed a few years ago, I am as healthy, as well as it did when I have more than half my teeth.

Now is the time that